

Bandon Recorder

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FRIDAY.....January 13, 1911

When There Is No Coal

Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, professor of electrical engineering at Union College, Schenectady, and consulting engineer of the General Electric Company, predicts that the present generation will see the exhaustion of our supply of anthracite coal. The natural course then will be to rely upon our deposits of soft coal for protection against freezing; but the government, in Mr. Steinmetz's opinion, will be obliged to prohibit this or the air we breathe will become permeated with poisonous gases.

The hope of the future generations of life, as Dr. Steinmetz sees it, lies in electricity. The rivers of the future will be merely a succession of sluggish lakes, with electrical power stations in between.

But even the husbanding of all our water power won't be sufficient. The energy of Old Sol himself must be trapped and saved. Building methods will have to undergo a change. Provision will have to be made, possibly with glass roofs, for the utilization of the sun's rays in the heating of homes.

Dr. Steinmetz also sees in his mind's eye the city of the future—a collection of office buildings, factories and bachelor apartment. All the married men, with their families, will have moved to the country.

Electricity will be used to draw from elements of the air fertilizer for exhausted soils.

Oregon Starts Prosperous New Year

Baker County has an irrigation project on foot involving the expenditure of \$4,000,000.

About 200,000 apple trees are being planted in Douglas County this season.

An oat meal mill is to be established at Baker.

Eugene is to have a match factory.

Polk County will have the largest English walnut orchard in Oregon. Recent purchasers of the Hart ranch near Falls City will plant 6,000 walnut trees.

Oregon produced this year 615,034 bushels of corn and 17,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Oregon shipped green fruit during the past season amounting to 3,500 cars.

Orchards in the Ontario district produced at the rate of 1,000 boxes of apples to the acre.

The Columbia River output of salmon for the season was 290,000 cases, valued at \$3,500,000.

The value of traffic on the Columbia River increased \$3,200,000 in 1910 over the same period of 1909.

Oregon grows more hops than any other state. 90,000 bales produced in 1910, valued at \$3,000,000.

Eugene reports that 3,000 people have been brought into that city during the past year.

A sale of Southern Oregon sugar pine covering 40,000 acres, is reported from Medford to an Eastern syndicate. The purchase price was \$3,500,000.

The Hood River Apple Growers'

Union paid \$201,000 to orchardists during the three months commencing with September.

Railroads Spend Millions on New Oregon Lines

Hill system of railroads has expended during the past four years in Oregon and Washington no less than \$80,000,000, according to compilations just made, in extensions, betterments, acquisitions of holdings and equipment, exclusive of fixed charges and operating expenses. The North Bank road alone cost nearly \$53,000,000, and \$27,000,000 was spent on Hill properties in this state, over half during the past year.

Construction work mapped out for properties in Oregon in 1911 involves the expenditure of \$15,000,000. Coupled with the big expenditures the Harriman system is making in building new lines and extensions, and the effort both big railroads are putting into exploitation work to advertise the state, Oregon has a great asset in its railroads.

Ashland will hold a mining congress on January 17th. The rich mining region extending from Grants Pass to Yreka, Cal., will be represented by delegates, and it is expected to form a permanent organization that will assist in the development of the mineral resources of this district, says a report from Portland, but all this will not help out the situation in Coos county very much unless they condescend to give us a lift in the way of railroad development; but there is so much railroad talk for us at present, that surely some of it will bring results sooner or later.

Unlike any Other Nation on Earth

On Monday last occurred the annual New Year's reception at the White House. President Taft shook hands with 5,625 people. It was a great day.

There was one incident, however, which was given only the most minor notice in the report of the day's proceedings, which to our thought comes nearer to attesting to the true grandeur of the American nation than anything else transpiring while the public and social function was in progress.

It was not the fact that so many men and women were richly dressed; or that the diplomatic corps was so resplendent; or that there was such a universality of good feeling and a unanimity of sentiment that the occasion was a success. It was this: In this long line of people composed not only of the high officials of Washington and the representatives of all other countries there was a liberal percentage of what we suppose would be called the "common people." Among the number was a little colored boy, who, when brought into the presence of the head of the nation, offered the president a sack of peanuts as a testimonial of friendly feeling. And the president of the United States took one out of the sack, shook hands with the little black boy and sent him on his way

—with radiant face.

Where, among the kingdoms and empires and monarchies of the world, could such a scene have been possible? Nowhere beneath the stars. And the thinking people of other nations are not unmindful of the fact. When Mathew Arnold returned to his British home after an extended sojourn in this country, some one asked him the question: "What did you see in America which made the most lasting impression upon your mind?" He immediately replied: "A ragged newsboy curled up in a big chair in the Boston Library, reading the Life of George Washington!" Here the great English writer and philosopher beheld the prophecy of eminence. The boy in tatters who could forget the alluring game of cards or marbles in yonder alley and lose himself in the story of George Washington, was already catching something of the vision, which, if followed, would lead him out eventually into a field of usefulness and power.

As a people we have our weaknesses and foibles and short comings, but stronger than the greed for gold, and causing us to forget the rancor and the turmoil of partisan strife, shines forth the inspiring truth that here the door of opportunity is open to the humblest, and that the truly great are those who are the most ready to confess willingness to stand upon a common level with those in the most lowly walks of life.—Des Moines Capital.

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LOOKING BACKWARD

By M. G. POHL

THROUGH THE DEVIL'S GARDEN

So, as cold increased, so increased the trouble I had with bands of timber wolves; they had not sufficient game to kill and became bolder with each night; their howling at times became maddening to hear; for security's sake I made a strong, high log fence around my hut and thereby had nothing to fear while I was asleep. The bitter cold days accomplished one good thing for me, it froze the snow and covered the same with a strong crust.

Thus enabled to travel all my efforts concentrated on the trip to the valley.

With the aid of a roughly constructed sleigh with long runners, upon which I placed my blankets, a few clothes and rifle, I started; all went well; several crossings of difficult passes the ice carried the weight. The last hill with a steep incline was reached, with houses scattered along in the distance; hope was restored, down, down I glided over the snow at what rate I could not measure, but it was only a short time until the mountain lay behind me.

My condition of health was badly shattered, as the diet of most miserable meat, seasoned with gunpowder after the salt gave out, had weakened me greatly; my throat was swollen, I could only whisper.

The people were astonished to see me again as I was nearly forgotten by them. Very quickly they asked me to step in and did everything to relieve me of my suffering—both in the throat, and my feet, which were wrapped in parts of a blanket.

In two weeks their kindness to me

restored me so far that I thought of making myself useful. One pleasant day I was accompanied by one of the neighbors who wished to look for some horses; we went into a canyon not far off and there, in a well sheltered place, with sufficient grass, we found them, and among them, my mule; instinct had caused it to leave me when the storm in October began; here it found companions and I found it well and in a good condition.

After returning to the house I inquired for employment; I received it, but to do such work I had to return to the mountains, splitting rails. The price for doing it was much beyond my expectations; six dollars per hundred.

The grove of yellow pines in which I commenced operations was in a narrow deep canyon, and so high and steep were the walls on the south side that during the whole day the sun could only be seen for not longer than an hour from two to three, then the pleasant sight came straight down the canyon.

My work proceeded well. The trees were frozen, and in this condition splitting them was not hard work. More orders came from another man who was willing to come up with me. The pay earned was so much that we could buy even luxuries.

At the end of April the contracts were filled; I was in possession of several hundred dollars, with a part of this I bought an extra horse, double harness, and a light spring wagon with a sufficient outfit to begin the finishing trip for the Coquille valley.

May had arrived. Seated in a comfortable wagon, I had reason to be pleased when I set out. This time I knew where to turn off.

Reaching the summit of the Rocky Mountains a grand panorama spread out before me; towering mountains covered with snow, meadows, timber glistening with the reflection of the sun upon the crystals of snow and ice; to the northwest the great Goose Lake; beyond this, large expanses of low land, and in the southwest, marked by outlines of Mount Shasta, which an inexperienced eye easily would have taken for a heavy cloud.

At the foot of the mountains in Goose Lake valley I made the first camp. The road, next morning, if it could be called so, passed me over different spurs of the Rockies; large and small rocks, fallen trees, and brush obstructed the advance; in a number of places I had to clear the track or lift one wheel or the other over such obstructions. At one of those large rocks the horses started too quick; over went the wagon, breaking one of the forewheels.

The only thing for me to do was to take off the front axle and with the hind axle form a cart; fastening the tongue to this axle, then shortening the box, and in less than an hour I was ready to proceed. Later on I found that such a vehicle answered my purpose better than a four wheeled wagon.

Two days I travelled along the shore of Goose Lake passing only one house; by rounding the upper end I overtook a detachment of U. S. cavalry en route to Fort Klamath. The soldiers cracked many a joke about my cart; as rapidly as possible I passed them.

For days I had no noteworthy adventure, except the meeting with a party of Indians out on a hunt; I had a good rifle—they invited me to go with them and kill plenty of game, but I knew better; they wanted the horses and the rifle; perhaps they would not have stood back to shoot me.

Link river is the connection between the Upper and Lower Klamath Lake; This I crossed on a ferry. The people here had been fishing and had captured a good supply of white fish weighing from five to ten pounds apiece with excellent taste. The country around is low and marshy, summers short and winters severe; still, the meadows gave pasture to many cattle and much hay is cut.

Passing now through a timbered district myself and horses were badly annoyed by thousands of black flies; wherever they bit the wound would bleed profusely.

The next morning I reached the lava beds; this particular spot was called "The Devil's Garden."

Rocks—nothing but rocks—not a tree, not a spear of grass, nor a drop of water; no mistake—this must be the garden spot where his Satanic Majesty goes promenading, taking along perhaps an unfortunate soul for his enjoyment, and the torture of the other. Torture! indeed, mosquitoes by the millions, hungry and lean, then fell upon us in sheets; and worst, no avoiding them by any device; but all has an end upon this earth, so with this notable garden. We entered a very wide valley nearly level and excellent to travel. Leaving all tormentors behind us I

speeded on with my remarkable team and vehicle.

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